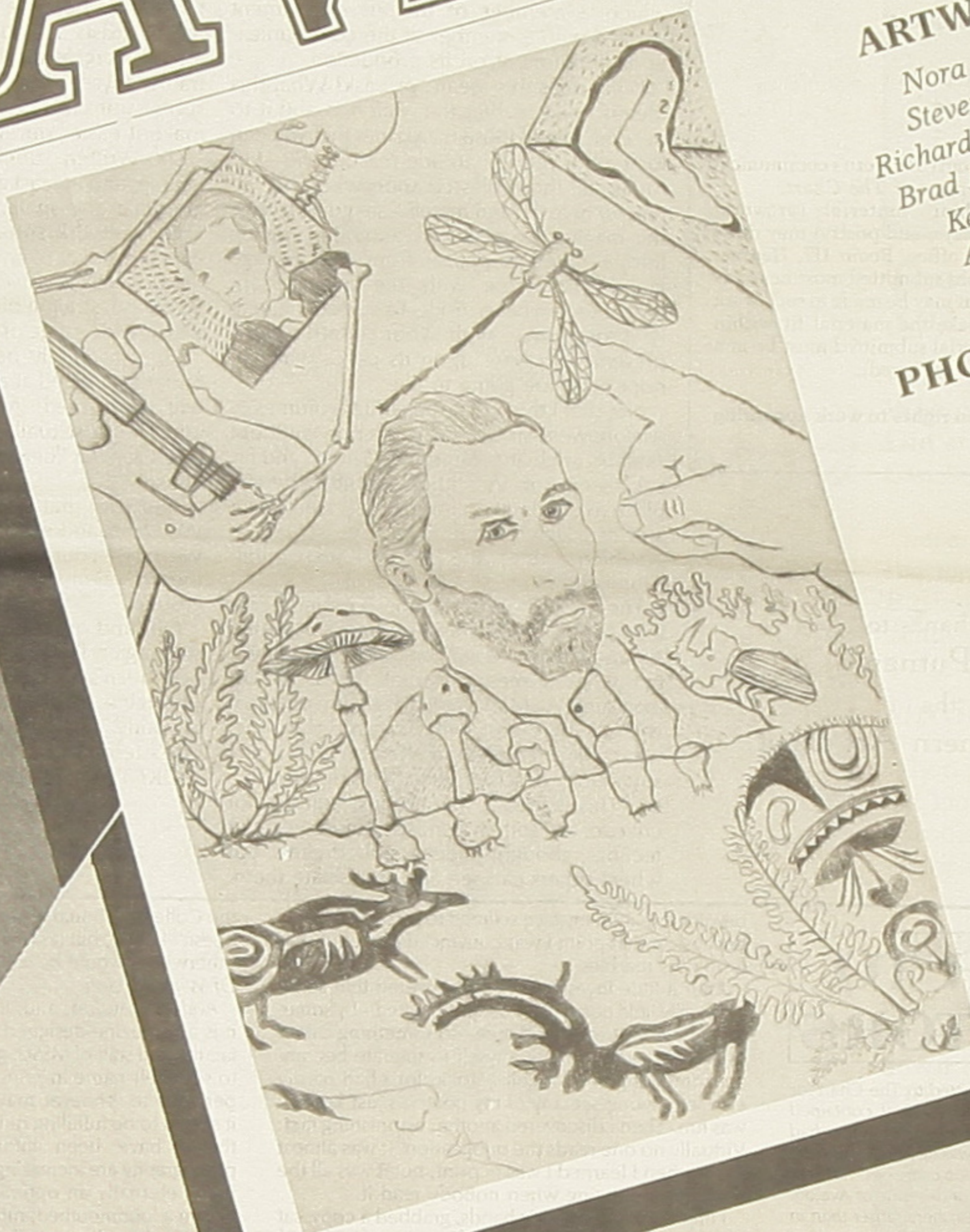


AVALON



ARTWORK

Nora Ebsch
Steven Feller
Richard Knoblauch
Brad McClintock
Kevin Tyler
Annie Wu

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jeff Shupe
Sean Vanslyke

POETRY

Pamela N. Corwin
Stephanie Davis
Marcus Martin
Dr. V.L. Petersen
Randy Scott
Curtis Steen

ESSAY

Marcus N.

A supplement
of *The Chart*

Vol. III, No. I
Thursday, Oct. 22, 1987

AVALON

Missouri Southern's Monthly Art and Literary Magazine

Mark Mulik
Co-Editor

Mike Prater
Co-Editor

Stephanie Davis
Staff Assistant

Chad Stebbins
Adviser

Avalon is published by Missouri Southern's communications department as a supplement of *The Chart*.

Persons wanting to submit material (artwork, photographs, short stories, essays, and poetry) may do so by dropping it by *The Chart* office, Room 117, Hearn Hall. Artwork and photographs submitted must be ready for publication. Size alterations may be made to such work if it is needed in order to make the material fit within *Avalon's* pages. Literary material submitted must be in a legible format (typewritten is preferred).

Avalon claims no publication rights to work appearing in its pages.

Special thanks to
Nancy Putnam
and the
Missouri Southern Art Dept.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

[Editor's Note: This letter was submitted to *The Chart* for publication weeks ago, but—as the material contained within the letter regards *Avalon*, which, at the time, had not yet been published this year—it was decided to run the letter whenever the first issue of *Avalon* came out. As there was room for the letter on this page of this issue of *Avalon*, it was deemed more suiting to appear here rather than in *The Chart*.]

Last year, I came to this institution after graduating from Crowder College. Early in the fall '86 semester, I was really enjoying my classes, and one fine day before choir class, Dr. (Joe) Sims, who then directed our choir, said, "Hey, Marcus, I saw your poems. Good work!" The look of

bewilderment on my face seemed to puzzle Dr. Sims, because at that point I was convinced one of us was losing his marbles.

After a little investigation, I discovered that some of my silly little poems had been submitted—by someone I held in strict confidence—to something called *Avalon*. I began to ready myself to tolerate becoming something of a laughing-stock, for I had hardly ever let anyone see any of my poetry; I just knew it was fun. Then I discovered another astonishing fact: Virtually no one reads the publication. It was almost scary when I learned I was in print, but it was all the more disappointing when nobody read it.

I finally, with trembling hands, grabbed a copy, sat down and read it. There was my name, big as life, along with six poems and one short story. I then began to look over the rest of the magazine (while almost everyone else was overlooking it) and was pleasantly surprised to find my doodling included with such quality drawings, photography and literature. Of course it's no *Winged Lion*, (which is

EDITOR'S COLUMN

Little are you aware, but as you read this you, are reading a very important issue of *Avalon*. Two factors make this so.

First of all, and perhaps most importantly, this is the first issue of *Avalon* which was run by two co-editors instead of just one editor. Secondly, this is the first issue of *Avalon* in which a member of the art department worked with a member of the communications department on its production.

What does this mean, you ask? What this means, folks, is that the *Avalon* is about to become one of those magazines that you can look at for more than one reason. We—Mr. Mulik, all those blessed souls who find the time to help us, and myself—are going to give this magazine a new look. *Avalon* is moving into a different phase: from the average literary magazine with the average approaches to what is inside, to something really progressive, with your contributions presented in ways upon its pages which (I hope) you are going to like.

Not that I think that the earlier volumes of *Avalon* were in any way inferior. Without *Avalon's* originator, Simon McCaffery, and his successor, Bob Vice, there wouldn't be any place to continue on from. But it's a new year and it's a new *Avalon*.

Which brings me to my next point: submissions.

The most important thing to remember is that *Avalon* is Missouri Southern's **Monthly Art and Literary Magazine**. Ok, it's old news, but what it means is that this is **YOUR** magazine. All Mark and I do is figure out what will fit where best, what can run this time, what will run next time. We don't make any sort of lofty decisions like "This one's trash," or "This is great." We are just editors, not critics of any sort. *Avalon* is a place to get your feelings, thoughts, ideas, and dreams out where others can see and appreciate them.

And others will appreciate them—believe me. Even as a senior-year art student, I can appreciate the simplest sketch from the most artistically-removed person, because it is a part of them. If your quick, little, two-line love poems make you happy, then don't be selfish, share them. Make others happy. If they are sad, the same applies, let other students know about it; if they want they can read your work and know that you get just as blue as they do sometimes.

The bottom line is that there are no *bad submissions*. We will make every attempt to find a place for everything that gets submitted to us. Because we really believe that *Avalon* exists as your magazine.

Now, forgive me, but I will have to contradict myself. There are a few guidelines that submissions have to follow, but they exist to make it easier on everybody:

(1) Written submissions must be **VERY** legible, and at least a strong attempt at good grammar and spelling must be made.

(2) Artwork should never be in pencil. Pencil just is a plain lousy media to try and reproduce. We couldn't do your work justice. So please, straight black and white, or works with a wide range of tones (lights and darks).

(3) Absolutely no insulting language or remarks directed at an identifiable individual will be printed. And for that matter, no obscene or sexually-explicit material of any sort. Give our liberality a little credit, but don't abuse it.

And with that I guess I've said my peace. We want, and we need your contributions. We need your contributions because with them, *Avalon* is going to start breaking new ground.

Oh, and one more point. I would like to state again the role of *Avalon*. It is Missouri Southern's **Monthly Art and Literary Magazine**. We aren't trying to compete with anybody, nor are we cutting into anyone else's territory.

OK? Then let's get to it.

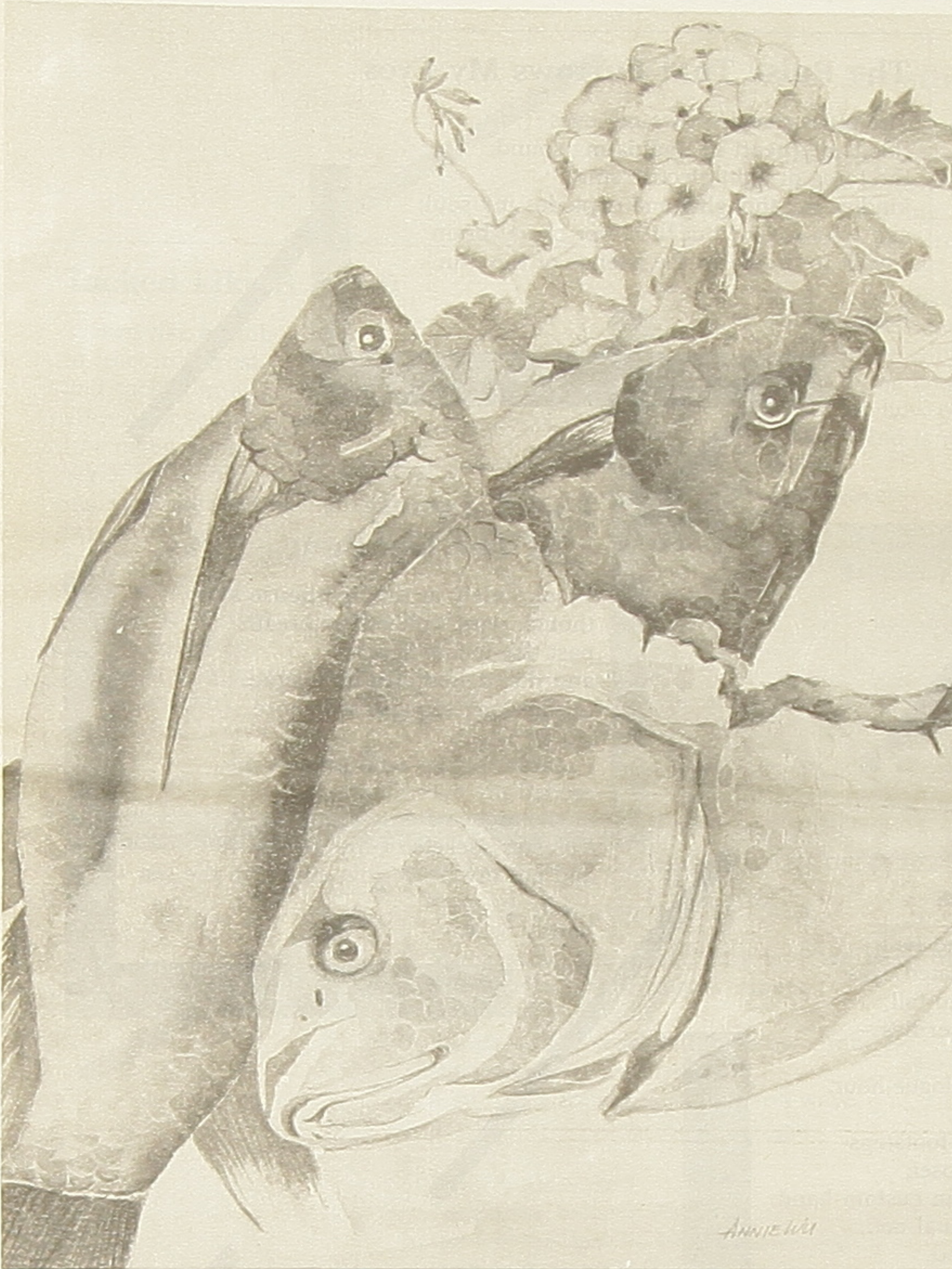
Mike E. Prater

the College's annual arts magazine, for anyone who doesn't know), but it's obviously not supposed to be, otherwise it would be called *Winged Lion II*, or *Son Of Winged Lion*.

Avalon is *Avalon*, and, if I understand its purpose, it is a magazine designed to entertain the students, faculty and staff of MSSC, give those people a chance to see their name in print, and give publication experience to whoever may desire it. The latter two, it seems to be fulfilling quite well, outside of the fact that I have been informed that artwork and photography are increasingly difficult to come by, but being eternally an optimist, I see the glass $\frac{3}{4}$ full.

I am a loudmouthed, mixed-up, arrogant, divorced, 26-year-old college student, and as such a man of honor, I appeal to the rest of you honorable human beings: Read *Avalon* at least one time. Please?

Marcus Martin, English/Music Education Major



The End? ԼՐԵ ԲԵՃԻՍՍՈՒՆԶ;

Heaven or Hell
Who can tell
Life at times
Can be a game

There seems a belief
the end brings relief
But who's to say
death's not the same

Untitled

When you've got the best
Yet look for better
You may as well wish
Water was wetter

Dash

up and off
out and about
down the road
without a doubt

Artwork by
Annie Wu

Poetry by
Curtis Steere

The Pulse That Furrows My Eyes

The pulse that furrows my eyes
floods my heart in undulating sound;
the force of light electric sun
kindles my thoughts and explodes my soul;
and who is God but the lever of my brain --
I walk to dream in the silence of the rain.

Randy Scott

I Look Lonely At The Lighthouse Sway

I look lonely at the lighthouse sway,
though wind collects its breath
past dog-tailed cloud
and tide deliberates its tongue
on the long sequestered shore.

I search for her who follows me,
eroded my eyes to sift
in the niche of day --
I cluster sockets of my love,
and gut my heart now empty in the sea.

Randy Scott

Habeus Corpus

I walk the tight-ironed hall,
as lights trespass sedated eyes
and heads now rise to fall;
for one, his last dinner lies --
his brain now split
'tween God and catalogue-hour.

I hear the processed footsteps
from my amniotic closet,
and freeze the lever in custom hand;
I turn to see that casual nod,
until -- alone -- I stand.

I refuse their eyes in cyclic dream,
as God forgives, or it should seem.

Randy Scott

Tacked Like A Limb

Tacked like a limb
to fractured frost,
and tucked in a dry leaf
after dark -- cauterized
to wooing womb
while scraped on a gravel grave --
my eyes split out in falling snow
to see my lungs collide, to hear my thoughts
rolling in a cart down hill,
'til seas subside
and moon is crested on each wave,
as sun is lilted
and slips to a purple pale
down the skirt
of the earth's cool skin.

Randy Scott

The Twisting

The sorting done,
the lottery complete,
stalked as having twisted
from the dying and the dead
to swim and drown for no one.

And so the closet knocks within,
the hoisted room now whispers,
("the house is built"),
while dying laugh
and dead now clutter into leaves,
where wind is motionless to still.

Randy Scott

What Narrows The Sea

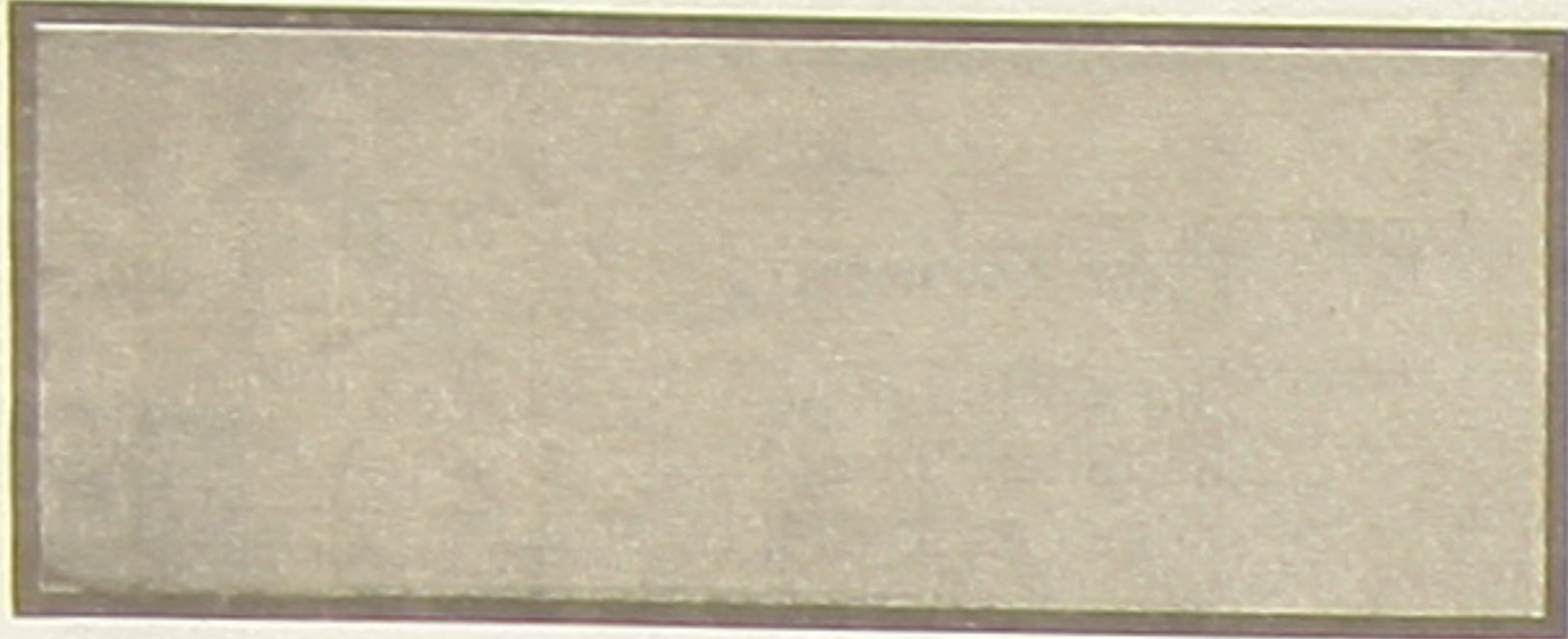
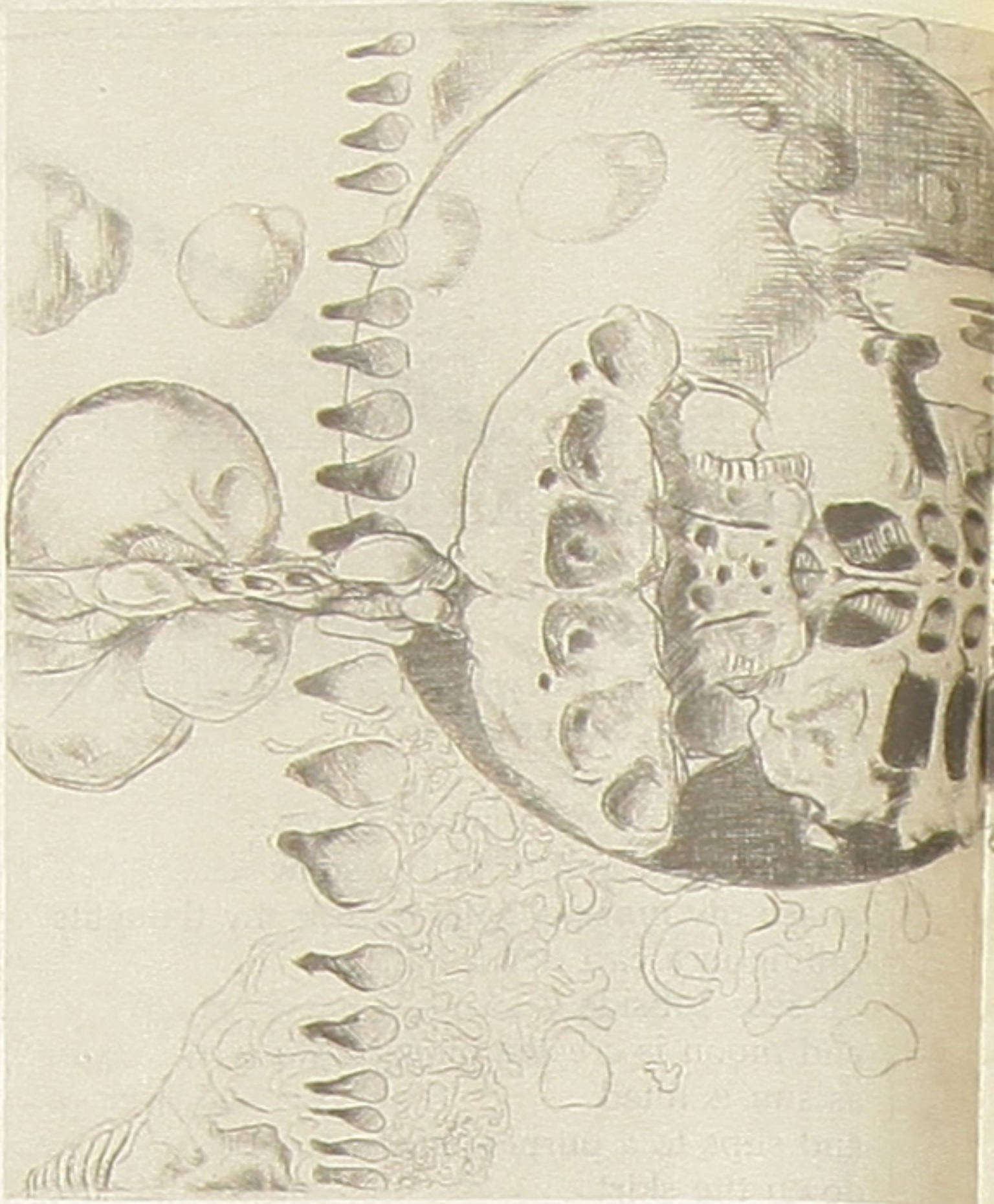
What narrows the sea clings my own heart round,
the lustered house now whispers
where no light calls;
but down the seeded wings now strand
the fettered green of night,
a gull now treads each tethered wave,
deep thrusts the moon in gaslight.

I still build naked
within the belly of the sea,
the tempest last no longer than a day;
slow to slow each finger breaks,
while silence rings the farthest bell.

Randy Scott



Etchings in the Plate





Drypoint Etchings:

"Images in Nature," by Steven Feller
(Top)

"Untitled," by Kevin Tyler
(Middle Left)

"Untitled," by Brad McClintock
(Middle Right)

"Entanglement," by Nora Ebsch
(Bottom)



Taking Tests

(Comparable to Taking Hemlock)

an essay by Marcus Martin

Throughout history, tests have been infamous for their discomfiting effects on poor, distressed creatures known as students. These tests are always administered at the most inappropriate times by those wicked, unfeeling creatures known as teachers. There may yet be hope for you persecuted ones, for this essay is aimed at easing your suffering, by supplying a few pointers for taking tests successfully:

(1) Remain calm; the worst that could possibly happen would be massive brain hemorrhage, in which case you won't need to worry about tests anymore, will you? Besides, if that happens you could be considered a martyr, and if we can accumulate enough martyrs, we can abolish tests, and possibly even that Satanic figure breathing down your neck.

(2) Use logic. Teachers (ugh!) are a very predictable breed. Their tests always contain a discernible pattern.

(3) If the particular test has a matching section, usually the simplest questions are at the bottom of that section, or sometimes hidden in the middle (demoniacally clever, these teacher creatures). Answer these questions first, then you have the option using the process of elimination.

(4) Always keep referring back to previously-answered questions, and if still stumped, examine the whole test; often answers are given inadvertently elsewhere, however subtly.

(5) In the case of true-false, be leery of words appearing in the question such as *every*, *all*, *invariably*, and *never*. Also try to see a pattern in the order, such as TFFTF. This may aid in future tests.

(6) In multiple choice, note answers with all of the above, none of the above, or a, b, & c incorporated into them.

(7) For essay questions, one must realize a specific weakness of teachers. They love to read. Fill out all blank space with virtually all the loose words you can possibly think of.

(8) Cheat. There are many ways to do this. First acknowledge that the teacher can't look at all students at the same time. You may want to peruse a studious person's paper. However, this also brings into light the existence of another low form of life known as a snitch (does it ever end?), so take this into consideration. A good way to cheat which I have found very successful is to write key words and/or symbols on the margin of the sole of your tennis shoes. Then cross your legs and subtly refer to these memory-stimuli.

If none of these steps I have generously offered work, we are brought to the last, and most drastic measure which can be taken, and that is:

(9) Study. I can offer no insight into this area, as I have never at-tempted such a repulsive task.

MID-TERM EXAM
SOCIOLOGY 110

FINAL EXAM
FINITE MATH

October 15, 1987
EXAM
ENGLISH 101

ADULT

That which you are
This is what I am
No more and no less
Be I petty or grand
That which you know
You see, you feel
Is my fiber of being.

Never shall I abandon you
No castle of sand am I
Your world is my world
Your thoughts are as mine.

I constantly wage battle
Against your enemies and mine
Those two bitter nemeses
I can never destroy
But can surely bind.

Marcus Martin

HELLBOUND TRAIN

Look for me not upon any Earthly plane
I dwell in your minds, all of you insane
I laugh oh so heartily when you board my
Hellbound train

Give me your hatred, your fear, your lust
I thrive on the abundance
Of your chaos and mistrust
And you may not even evade me
By returning to dust

But I must leave you now, children
For my demon domain,
That place that did flourish
When Cain slew Abel.
I know you must return
To your destructive little games
And, remember you
I've everything to gain...

Marcus Martin

FACE YOURSELF

Sending sensations
Outside myself I desire
A response of some kind
I wholeheartedly pour out
All my affections and feelings
From my fiery mind.

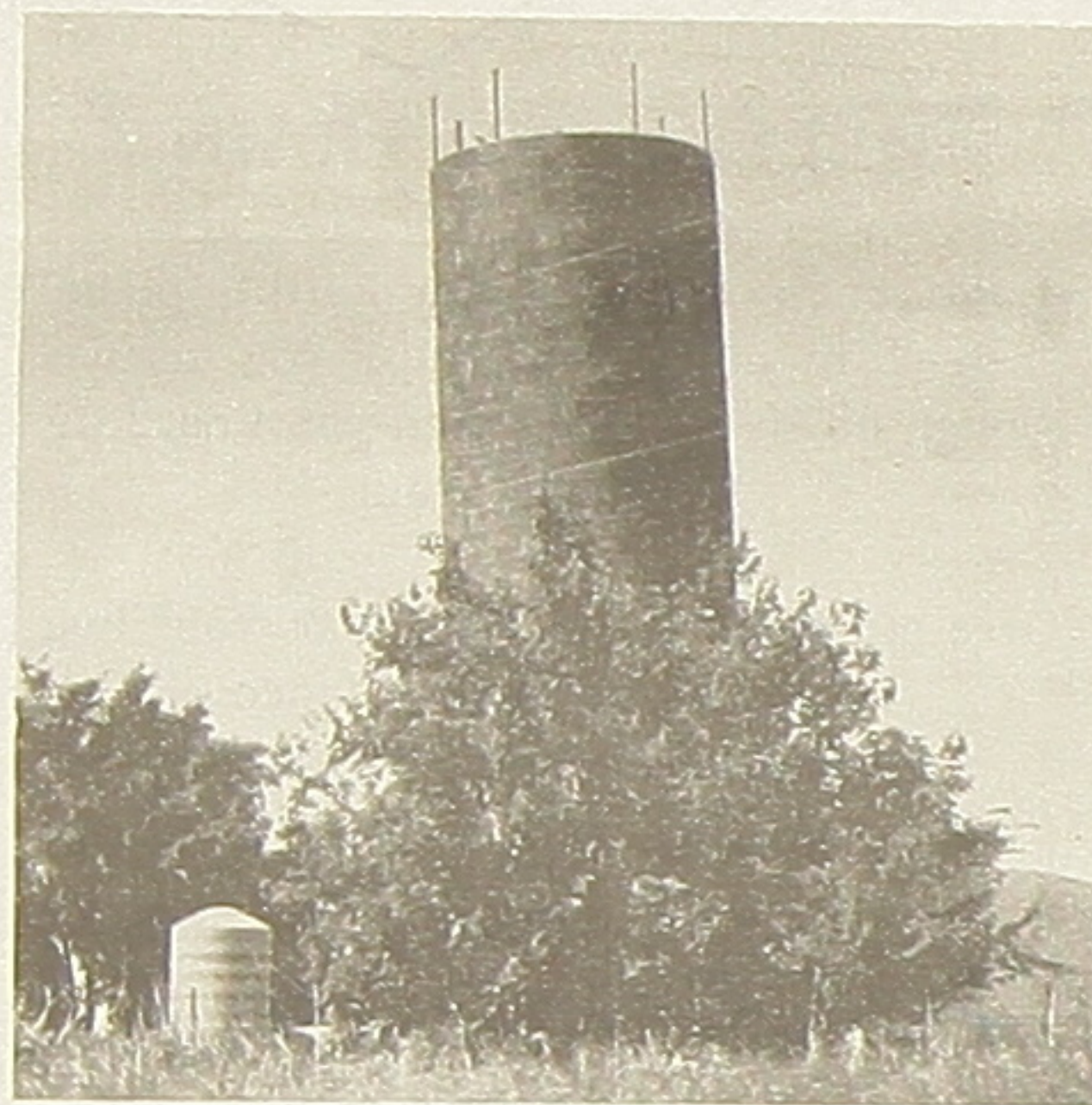
But don't ask me
To explain myself
For this I will not do
You see, I pull these
Unbridled, carefree thoughts
Strictly from the blue.

Forgive me please
If I overstep myself
I know not what I do
But, know you,
Above all else
To myself I'm true.

Within my warring soul
A battle is waged and soon
The triumphant legion
Will send me
To my virtue or doom...

But virtue it must be!

Marcus Martin



"While taking photographs, I tend to look for things that will create moods but also tell a story."

—Sean Vanslyke

The Saxophone

Mornful are the notes from
THE SAXOPHONE.

It rips at my inner soul

And tears at my heart

Revealing the true me.

Oh, what terrible memories from
THE SAXOPHONE.

No matter where I roam

Through hills, valleys, seas, and sand

It lingers there, wating.

My escape can never be from
THE SAXOPHONE.

Regardless of what the bad may be

I love its brassy coat

And cherish every sorrow-filled tone.

Don't even try to take me from
THE SAXOPHONE.



Untitled

In the shadow of the trees
On the night of a full moon
I gaze upon figures.

They gallantly prance across barren black
And are quickly whisked away
With the cool, summer evening breeze.

Crickets chirp to break serene night
But my lonely heart they do not fill
For it has an opening on either end.

Searching for something in the figures,
Some lost hope, or friend, or love,
I find only emptiness.

Be still my heart, weep not.
For the night does not comfort tears,
It only harbors to their sorrows
In the shadow of the trees.

Photo by
Jeff Shupe

Poetry by
Pamela N. Corwin

Misty Dawn

Peaceful is the morning
when all is calm and still,
with dew-kissed flowers blooming
and birds that sing a trill.
A mild breeze is blowing
over sea and field,
the gentle brook is flowing—
flowing with great appeal.
The dew is slowly sending
forth its silver spray,
the mist is now rending
the dawning of the day.
Moonlight slowly fading,
arranging for the sun,
heavy dew cascading,
misting on the dawn.

by Stephanie Davis



I Saw an Eagle Fly

"lone wandering . . ." Wm. Cullen Bryant

I saw an eagle fly. But it was not a day for eagles.
How can I be sure that I saw an eagle fly?
It was evening, and in a gray sky.
Like a small craft on choppy seas, just beneath the mist
it struggled on; east at times, then south again,
raising its great wings, their tips turned out and up and high.
I had never seen an eagle fly!
Its head protruded (More than eagles' do?), but
do they not protrude when searching the leaden, deep unknown?
I saw an eagle fly, over my land, for me,
an American, before I die.
How can I be sure that I saw it with my eyes
as it mounted, pushing at the winds
into the thick and darkening sky?

Dr. V.L. Peterson